

PS 2675

THE

.R6 C8

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My Father Giveth,

AND

Other Poems.



—O—
By Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D.
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"The cup which my Father hath given, shall I not drink it?"

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The Cup the Father Giveth.

A cup my Father held ;
I thought I heard my name :
I shuddered ; should I be compelled
To take and drink the same ?

I'm in my Father's hand,
'Tis He that bids me drink ;
And if it be at His command,
Why should my spirit shrink ?

I need for others' woes,
A keener sense to feel ;
To seek, instead of life's repose,
My soul's eternal weal.

There is no more within
Than souls like mine require ;
He knows the cure for death and sin,
And brings the cup entire.

I'm in Gethsemane,
The garden of my woe ;
Oh ! let, Thy will if it may be,
The cup untasted go.

'Tis not that bitter cup
The Father gave to Him !
And yet he took and drank it up,
Though angry to the brim.

He mingled it for me,
But tasted ere He gave ;
And though the end He doth foresee,
He still forbears to save.

And I will drink it all,
From Him 'tis even sweet ;
Nor from the wormwood and the gall,
Will I relief entreat.

Sickness came relentless on,
In the darkness stalking;
Ere we dreamed, life's light was gone:
To our home there comes no dawn,
We in darkness walking.
Angels, angels, angels fair, give us back
our darling.

Hark, I hear the angels say,
‘Not so, wills your Father
If you walk the narrow way,
You to her shall go, some day,
Where the sinless gather.”
Angels, angels, angels fair, then we'll greet
our darling.

Nae Knee-Bairn.

Oh! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn
Wi' dumpy, dimplit han's,
Wi' fit accoutred i' sma' boots,
An' fitfa' like a man's?
An' fitfa' thund'rin' roun',
As though your ain knee-bairn
Wad weigh a hunder poun'?

Oh! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn,
Soon as ye lift the latch,
Soon as ye touch the stair or floor,
Your comin' step to catch?
To catch, and to ca' out,
Your toddlin' wee knee-bairn,
Wi' mony a peal an' shout.

Oh! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn,
To climb up for a kiss,
To pu' your beard, and tweak your nose?
Fu' half o' life's in this!
Fu' half o' life an' more,
I'o ha'e your ain knee-bairn
A-stumpin' roun' the floor.

Oh ! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn.
To haud ye by the ear,
An' whisper wi' his pouty lips
What nae but you maun hear ?
But you ! some secret wise
The whilk your ain knee-bairn
Imparts wi' starin' eyes

Oh ! ha'e ye, then nae knee-bairn,
To snuggle his roun' head
Down in your lap, curl up his lim's,
An' nestle aff to bed ?
An' nestle aff as though
Yonr ain worn-out knee-bairn
Hau nae where else to go ?

Oh ! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn ?
Weel, ye can never ken
What 'tis to ha'e him ta'en awa',
Nor hear him roun' agen :
Nor hear him roun', but gaun
Frae sight and sense, your knee-bairn
Ye had sae doted on !

What 'tis to ha'e a knee-bairn,
That's clim' out o' your sight,
Far up alang the angel-steps,
Aboon the starn o' night,
Aboon you reach or ca' !
What 'tis to ha'e a knee-bairn
Ye canna ken at a' !



After Snow.

From the German.

After snow, after snow
Do the sweet-breathed vi'lets blow ;
Then grim winter is departing,
And the em'rald clover starting ;
While the lark mounts high, you know,
After snow.

As God will, as God will !
Be it mine but to hold still :
Should the clouds above me thicken,
Rain will but the grasses quicken,
And God's treasure houses fill :
As God will.

Hush, my heart ! hush, my heart !
Ease must interchange with smart ;
Though thick troubles now enfold thee,
Let sweet trust in God uphold thee ;
Look above : 'tis faith's high art :
Hush, my heart !

Gently, Jesus, Gently Guide Us.

Gently, Jesus, gently guide us,
Hold us, hold us, with thy tender hand ;
Linger, linger, still beside us,
Gently guide us to the better land !
Pathways dark we often meet,
Do Thou keep our doubting feet,
Till we find a refuge on thy breast,
And from all our earthly labors rest.

When we, trembling, tread the valley,
And death's shadows heavy round us lie ;
When disrobed of flesh we sally,
When we sally forth to worlds on high ;
Thou, who once, wert cold in death,
O, receive our latest breath,
Gently, Jesus, let us gently glide
To our rest upon death's conquered tide.

The Victory of the Grave.

How can I let his little form
Escape from my caresses warm ?
How can I call my darling dead,
And dress him for his lonely bed ?

Can I give up this noble brow,
On which was sealed the Christian vow ?
This head so often hushed to rest
Upon the heavings of my breast ?

These loving arms around me flung,
While many a nurs'ry rhyme was sung ?
These eyes that melted into mine ;
These lips all wet with love's own vine ?

I know his infant spirit's gone
To put the Saviour's glory on ;
But 'tis the last drop in the cup
To give his little body up.

The Child and the Angels.

Once I saw a little child,
Near its mother playing :
Pure it was, and undefiled ;
Laughter in its eye so mild ;
Little wise things saying.
Angels, angels, angels fair, brought to us
our darling.

Then I looked ; all changed the scene :
Child lay sweetly sleeping :
Red lips shut, in peace serene :
Gazing did the mother lean,
Her fond vigils keeping.
Angels, angels, angels fair, covet not our
darling.

I know that when I stand,
Serene on Heaven's pure height,
'Twill seem that all was wisely planned,
The cup was mingled right.

Childless.

"Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go Childless."

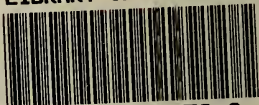
Our little Agnes died
The other day :
We have no other child beside,
To take the sting away :
We have no child, to bless
Us with her eyes :
No child to comfort, or caress,
To gladden, or surprise.

We have no child to keep
Her clinging arms
Around us, while we sleep,
Half whisp'ring her alarms ;
No child for which to pray ;
No child to guide
Upward, along the heavenly way,
Inquiring at our side.

God took our all ! He knew
How much it was :
'Twas He Himself, who gave it too ;
Of gift, of loss, the Cause :
He took our all ! No more to take
Than 'twas to give !
He knew how much our hearts would ache
Should not our Agnes live.

Is then, our Agnes, thine,
O Lamb of God ?
Again we bring her to Thy shrine—
Is this Thy love, not rod ?
To give, than to receive,
Is it more blest ?
The sacred myst'ry we believe :
And here our spirits rest.

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Sleep here in peace !
No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning-shin-
ing,
No more the glory of the day's declining ;
No more the night that stoops serene above thee,
Watching thy rest, like tender eyes that love thee.
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
Unknown to thee, the spring will come with
blessing,
The turf above thee in soft verdure dressing ;
Unknown will come the autumn, rich and mellow,
Sprinkling thy couch with foilage, golden-yellow.
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
This is earth's rest for all her broken-hearted,
Where she has garnered up our dear departed :
The prattling babe, the wife, the old man hoary,
The tired of human life, the crowned with glory.
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
This is the gate for thee to walks immortal,
This is the entrance to the pearly portal ;
The pathway trod by saints and sages olden,
Whose feet now walk Jerusalem the Golden.
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
For not on earth shall be man's rest eternal ;
Faith's morn shall come ! Each setting sun diurnal,
Each human sleeping, and each human waking,
Hastens the day that shall on earth be breaking.
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !
Faith's morn shall come ! when He, our Lord and
Maker,
Shall claim His own that slumber in God's Acre ;
When He, who once for man death's anguish tasted,
Shall show death's gloomy realm despoiled and
wasted !
Sleep here in peace !